PS 2-359







JOYOUS PASTER VOICES.

B. J. France.

MA 12 888 7

the server

PS 2359 .M62 J6

Copyright 1887 Hard & Parsons, New YORK BE glad he glad! For Christ you bond a ser Ring out I ve bells in a silver chime. Herald the joyous Baster-time Blend your nates in the song sublime. That swells from earth to Maaven

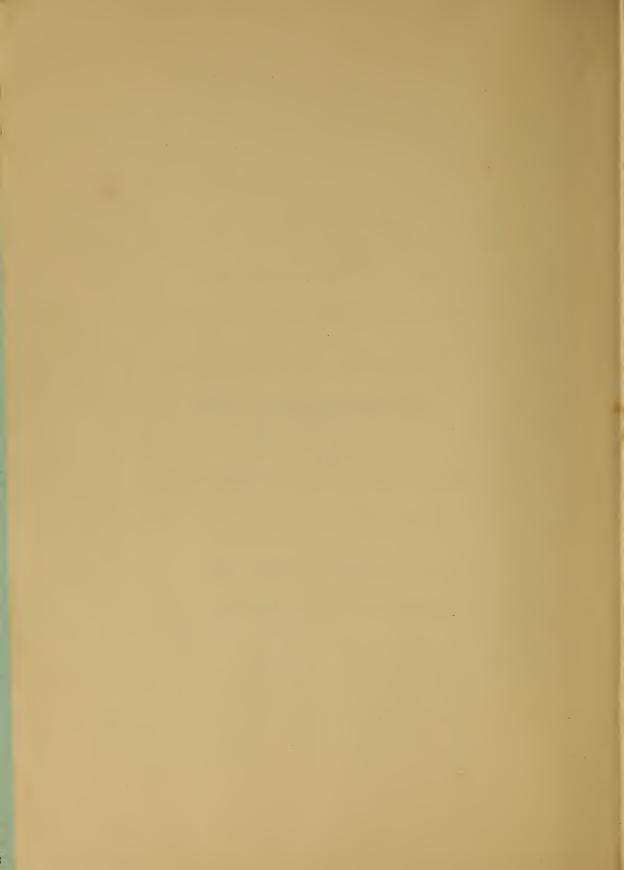
Sing out I sing out I Ye birds in the glas sumative.

Buthely card your sangs of process.

Sin waldlings sweet, or resonant lays,

Gell of your joy in a thousand ways.

And tell it in every time.



Enme from under your clustering leaves.

Snow your fair faces among the wreaths

Chat worshiping Love, as an altering wenves,

Go la: on the alters high

Pepure I rejoine! Ye biossoming shoubs and times
Ye that garmen's so don'ty wear.

That smile on the world so pure and fair.

Breathe your fragrance upon the air

Liaden the javous breeze



Gather your sweets from flower and tree.

Bear them of an over land and sea,

Scalter them wide wherever ye be, In garden or desert wild

And flow! and flow! Y's brooks and waters form.
Carry the lidings for, and well

Sings as ve go over rocks and dells.

Go fur-off strands your gladness tell

Grat some may be gludlened there



ON high! Ye mountains, too, rejoice!

From gentle slope to highest crest,

Waft, and echo the tidings blest,

Os each resounding—still the hest—

Sing for the Saviour risen to-day.

The heavy of earth, the heavenly way.

Let every heart in its gladness say

Christ is our Baril and King,"

ANNIE C MCQUEEN





